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Feeding the Pet Lamb.—(Page 46.)

THE
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THE
PET LAMB,
AND
OTHER STORIES.



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THE PET LAMB, AND OTHER STORIES.

ELLEN AND HER LESSON.

“ELLEN,” said Aunt Mary, “what do you study at school this term?”

“I study geography and arithmetic,” said Ellen, “as I did last term, and I have now

commenced the History of the United States."

"Have you, indeed? Then I suppose you can tell me when America was discovered by Columbus?"

Ellen looked rather puzzled, but at length said, she believed it was in 1592.

"Oh, no! Ellen," said her sister Sarah, who was sitting by, "it was in 1492."

"In what year did our forefathers land at Plymouth?"

"In 1720," said Ellen, with the air of one who had drawn a bow at a venture, and hoped the arrow might hit right.

"Wrong again, Ellen," said her sister; "it was 1620."

"I can't remember all those hard names and dates," said Ellen; "it is out of the question. I wish I had a good memory; but I can't help it."

“Then you have a poor memory, Ellen,” said Aunt Mary, with a very serious look. “I was not aware of this before, and am very sorry to hear it; for, as there are so many things which it is both pleasant and useful to remember, it is certainly a great misfortune. But how came it to pass that such a bright-looking girl as you should be deficient in such an important faculty of the mind?”

Here the conversation was interrupted by the ringing of the school-bell, and Ellen and her sister were soon on their way to school. When the children came home after school, their aunt said to Ellen, “Do you remember when your aunt Taylor and your cousin Emily called here? It was in the fall, I think.”

“No, aunty; you are mistaken. It was in December. I remember well; for it was

the week before Christmas. Cousin Emily wore a beautiful bracelet, and I remember wishing that some friend would give me one just like it, for a Christmas present."

"Can you remember how she was dressed?"

"Yes, perfectly. She wore a scarlet merino dress and blue sack; a straw hat, trimmed with cherry color, and lined with pink, and a pair of blue gaiters. Did't she look sweetly?"

"Can you tell how your aunt was dressed?"

"She wore a black silk dress, and black velvet mantilla, and a sherd hat. I can think just how they both looked."

"You can remember more than I can," said Sarah; "I am sure I could not have mentioned a single article they had on."

"It relieves my mind," said aunt Mary, "to find that Ellen has a good memory sometimes. I thought if her memory was as poor

as she represented it to be this morning, it was a great misfortune. But, my dear, if you can remember when your aunt and cousin called, and how they were dressed, why can you not remember when America was discovered? Do you think your memory is so formed as to recollect some things very distinctly, while, at the same time, it is incapable of remembering other things?"

"I do not know why it is," said Ellen. "I do not deny but I can remember some things well enough."

"It is very plain, my dear, that the fault is not in your memory. You can readily remember anything that interests you. What you need is, not a better memory, but greater interest in the studies you pursue. If I were to request you to repeat the story which I related to you last Saturday afternoon, would you not be able to do it?"

“I think I should, aunt. I recollect it very well. It was so interesting, I could not well forget it.”

“The difficulty is, when you study, you try to send your memory off in one direction, to collect and retain facts in history and other branches of study, while the other faculties of your mind are employed about something else. Now this will not succeed. Memory will not work alone. Place your whole mind upon your studies, become interested in them, and your memory will perform its proper work faithfully; there is no doubt about that.”

“But how shall I become so interested in my studies?”

“By giving to them all the energies of your mind. Had you become really interested in the history of the discovery of America by Columbus; had you permitted

your mind to follow him in the discouragements and perils of this heroic undertaking, in imagination, standing with him before kings and princes, and hearing them ridicule his plans as visionary, and refuse the aid he sought to obtain from them; and when his untiring perseverance had overcome every obstacle, and his little fleet had proceeded far in their untrodden path to an unknown world; had you stood by his side as he anxiously strained his eyes to look into the far-off distance, if perchance he might discover land, while officers and crew were threatening even his life, if he would not at once return—had your mind really entered into this scene, there would have been little danger of your forgetting the date of an event which should be so interesting to every American. Do not charge a fault upon your memory of which it was never guilty; but

rather say, 'I bestowed so little attention upon the subject that I cannot recollect.'"

"But do not some people have much better memories than others?" said Sarah.

"No doubt people differ in this respect, as well as every other; but I have often observed that those very persons who complain so much of a poor memory, continually give evidence that they can remember many things as well as any one. There are but very few whose memories fail to retain that which really interests them. If you wish to remember important facts and events, you must be careful how you allow trifles to occupy your attention, to the exclusion of things more important."

B.

A.

At the

(A spring)

The eldest

The younger

Cried the fairy, “

girl,

Pure gems from your lips

But whenever *you* utter a word,

From your tongue shall a serpent

V.—B

S.

er, who had
How much she
good angels know ;
brought her a new delight
their bright beaming faces at
ber-door ; and every evening, when
were asleep, she would steal softly to

their bedside, and, as she watched their still faces, would pray the dear Father in heaven to keep their hearts always warm and loving.

Their names were Mary and Fanny — Mary was two years older than Fanny, and a serious, gentle child, whom everybody loved and fondled. But Fanny was the joyous little sunbeam of her father's house, full of fun and frolic from morning till night. The good mother did all she could to make her children happy and useful. She longed to keep their hearts pure and innocent, and tried to surround them with holy and beautiful influences.

One day, as Mary and Fanny sat by their mother's side, she pointed out to them the beautiful landscape from their window, and told them that everything they looked upon was an emblem of God's love to his children.

They lived in a beautiful spot; a range of glorious mountains stretched far away to the south, and a winding river lay between. There were thick forests on all sides, and sweet birds sang in the deep shade. All these things spoke to the heart of the mother and filled it with gratitude, and she longed to make them dear and familiar to her children.

She had often spoken to them of the *voice* of conscience, which God had placed within their breasts, to teach them when they did right or wrong; and she had begged them to listen to this little voice, and be led by its warnings, if it spoke ever so faint. But now she wanted her little girls to listen to the voices about them, to those outside their own breasts, because she thought these would make them still happier, and would perhaps make the little voice of conscience knock

the louder. So she told them when they walked out in the woods and fields, to look about them, to watch and see how every little bird built her nest, to listen to all the sounds they heard in earth, air, or water, and to let everything teach them how to be better and happier.

Mary and Fanny remembered these things; like other children they were sometimes naughty; but in the main they tried to be good, and were always kind and loving to each other and to their parents.

One bright Saturday afternoon the little girls went to visit their aunt, who lived about two miles distant. Their father gave them a ride, and they were to walk home before dark. They had a pleasant afternoon, and returned home in fine spirits. Not far from their house was a deep thick wood, through which they always had to pass.

Mary and Fanny had always delighted in this shady little wood; they had often gone there of a hot summer's day to feel the cool air among the pines, and to play at hide and seek. But now, tired with their afternoon's frolic, they walked slowly and silently along, each little sister's arm around the other. "Fanny," said Mary, suddenly, "let us try to hear the little voices mother was telling us about the other day, and see if they will mean anything to us."

"Yes, dear, so we will," said Fanny; "mother will be so pleased to think we remembered it." They walked on a few minutes, very silently. Only the low murmuring of the wind among the pines fell upon Mary's ear. "It is so solemn," said she, "it makes me think of the church-organ, when it plays, 'The Lord is in His holy temple.' Dear Fanny, I think He is here too."

“Mary,” said Fanny, “do you see that little wren, hopping about there, and twittering at such a rate? I have been watching her some minutes, and never did I see such a bustling little thing. She is making a nest, I am sure, and she does seem so happy about it. Every minute or two she opens her little throat, and chirps away as though she thought it mighty pleasant; and she says to me, just as plainly as if she could speak, ‘Fanny, next time you help your mother make the beds or tend the baby, do be happy about it, and do it as if you loved to;’ and I *will*, you busy little wren,” said Fanny, as she went away.

“And I’ll remember it too,” said Mary; “it’s a great deal better to do things as if one loved to. It can’t be very pleasant for mother to see us helping her as if we only did it because we must.”

Soon they came to a merry little brook, that went dancing and leaping over the stones and rippling in the sunshine. Fanny laid her ear on the ground beside it and listened. "Sister, do you know there was once many little drops of water, a long way off there among the mountains," said she, waving her little hand, "and they felt lonesome,"—here Mary laughed,— "and so they thought they would all run down hill together and make a little brook, and have a good time, dancing over the stones, and making music. And when we are lonesome, I think the little brook would tell us to find some other little girls, and dance and play, and make music. What do you hear, Mary?"

"Only the wind among the pines; they tell me to be still as they are, and God will send me little birds and soft winds to make

music for me—hark! there is a woodthrush; how long and clear his note is; how sweetly he sings.”

“I wonder if the angels sing like that,” said Fanny; “you know we heard aunt Sally say the other day, that they play on golden harps and sing.”

“I don’t believe,” said little Mary, “that they play on harps all the time, or sing. I guess they sing as mother does when she puts baby to sleep, or as you do, Fanny, at your work, because you can’t help it; only a great deal more beautifully.”

“How I wish I could hear the angels sing,” said Fanny.

“Do you? Why it makes me happy enough to hear mother and you and the birds sing. Listen again, there he goes. Oh, you beautiful thrush!”

And now the wood was fuller than ever

of little voices ; but Fanny and Mary knew they must go home and come another time to hear the rest. Fanny stooped down to pick a bunch of violets for her mother. " You have no voices, my little posies," said she, " but if you could speak, I am sure you would tell me to be a modest, quiet little girl, and stay in just such mossy green places as this."

" Do hear that dismal *whip-poor-will*," said Mary, as she left the wood. " It makes me laugh now ; but the other night when I had been naughty, and heard him in the wood, I was quite provoked to hear him make such doleful noises. It was just as if he kept telling me that I deserved to be punished. I'll never forget you, *whip-poor-will*," said Mary ; " and I hope you'll always tell me when I'm naughty."

The children were now at their own door :

Mary flew to kiss her father, and Fanny to take the baby from her mother's arms, while she finished her Saturday's sewing. "And oh! you blessed little Tommy," said she, as she tossed him up to look at the red sunset through the trees, "I'll never forget how the little wren in the wood told me to tend a dear little brother like you?"

That night, when her children were in bed, the mother went as usual to look at them. But they were not asleep, and they threw their arms around her neck and drew her face close to theirs. "Oh, mother!" said little Mary, "we feel so happy, and we want to show our Father in heaven that we thank him for letting us hear so many pleasant little voices." "And mother," said Fanny, "how can such little girls as we are, thank him best?"

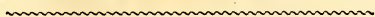
Their mother told them that there were

many wretched little children who never played in the sunshine, nor heard the sweet birds sing; that God loved these miserable little ones, as much as He loved them; and if they wanted to show their love to Him, they would be kind and loving to all who needed their love.

“Fanny,” said Mary, after a moment’s silence, “let us go on Monday and take little sick Mabel Gray to ride in baby’s wagon. We will take her to a nice cool place under the pine trees, and tell her about the little voices, and make her as happy as ever we can.”

And they did so; and as Fanny and Mary grew up, their mother and all their friends rejoiced at their words and deeds of love to all the unfortunate. They became ministering angels to all who needed their kindness. And when they were alone they did not feel

afraid of the voice from the world or of the voice within ; for loving spirits seemed to encircle them, and every tone they heard spoke to them of the eternal melodies.



GOING TO BED AT NIGHT.

RECEIVE my body, pretty bed ;
 Soft pillow, O receive my head ;
 And thanks, my parents kind :
 Those comforts who for me provide,
 Their precepts still shall be my guide,
 Their love I'll keep in mind.

My hours misspent this day I rue,
 My good things done, how very few !
 Forgive my fault, O Lord !
 This night if in thy grace I rest,
 To-morrow may I rise refreshed,
 To keep thy Holy Word.



BROTHER AND SISTER.

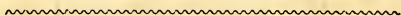
LITTLE sister, come away,
And let us in the garden play,
For it is a pleasant day.

I will take my bat and ball,
You, your pretty waxen doll.—
Do not, sister, let it fall.

But the fruit we will not pick ;
That would be a naughty trick,
And very likely make us sick.

Nor will we pluck the pretty flowers
That grow about the beds and bowers,
Because, you know, they are not ours.

And much I hope, we always may
Our very dear mamma obey,
And mind whatever she may say.



ANECDOTE OF A TURKISH JUDGE.

A STORY is told of an Oriental merchant, who, at his death, left his property to three sons. According to this merchant's will the seventeen horses belonging to the estate were to be divided between the sons in such a manner that the eldest should receive one

half of them, the second one third, and the youngest one ninth of the whole.

When the sons came to make the division of the property, they found it impossible to comply with the conditions of the will in regard to the horses without sacrificing one or more of the animals. Being thus puzzled, they repaired to the *cadi*, or judge of the town for his assistance.

After reading the will carefully, the *cadi* said it was such a difficult question that he required time for deliberation, and requested them to return after two days, when he would give his decision. At the appointed time they made their appearance, when the judge said :

“I have carefully considered your case, and find that I can make such a division of the seventeen horses among you as will give each more than his strict share, and yet not

one of the animals shall be injured. Are you content?"

"We are, O judge," was the reply.

"Bring forth, then, the seventeen horses, and let them be placed in the yard," said the *cadi*. The animals were brought in, and the judge ordered his groom to place his own horse with them. He then bade the eldest brother count the horses.

"They are eighteen in number, O judge," he said.

"I will now make the division," observed the *cadi*. "You, the eldest, are entitled to half; take, then, nine of the horses. You, the second son, are to receive one third; take, therefore, six; while to you, the youngest, belongs the ninth part, viz. two. Thus the seventeen horses are divided among you; you have each more than your share, and I may take my own steed back again."

“Mashallah!” exclaimed the brothers, with delight; “O cadi! your wisdom equals that of our lord, Soleiman Ibu Dacod.”

A VISIT TO THE WILD WOOD.

It was a lovely day in spring,
When plants and trees were blossoming,
When perfumes floated in the air,
And songsters warbled everywhere,
That forth, by wood and stream, we went,
On pleasant sights and scenes intent.

And well Eugene and Francis knew
Where wild flowers in abundance grew,
And leading on, with rapid pace,
Well nigh forsook me in the race,
Until th’ enchanted dell they spied,
And tarried by a streamlet’s side.

Along the bank the flowers were strewed,
They peeped out from the neighboring wood,
And richly colored all the ground,
Upon a gently rising mound—
Blue, white, and yellow sought to vie
In charming the delighted eye.

Sweet Innocence in patches grew,
On thread-like stem with eye of blue,
And forth from many a mossy bed,
The Colt's-foot peered its golden head;
While Violets, and Claylonians fair,
Exhaled their sweetness on the air.

The Liverwort bloomed in the wood,
Pink, lilac, white, and purple hue'd,
The meek Anemone bent down
Upon her slender stalk of brown,
Her form so graceful, that with ease
She bowed to every passing breeze.

From roots of trees we pushed away
The old, dead leaves that thickly lay,
And soon the sweet *Arbutus* found,
Trailing its modest vine around,
And shedding from its lovely flower,
A perfume fit for queenly bower.

A rich and sweet bouquet was ours,
Of those fair, fragrant wild wood flowers,
So on a mossy trunk we sat,
And gazed at this one, then at that,
In each admired some beauty new,
And praised their color, shape and hue.

We wonder'd at the skill and power
Displayed in every tree and flower,
And bless'd the love, that, day by day,
Had scattered flowers round our way,
And sitting in that quiet wood,
We knew and felt that God was good.

Then back we traced our homeward way,
Now, listening to a warbler's lay,
Then, chasing butterflies along,
With happy heart and merry song,
Or, watching in a quiet nook,
For fishes sporting in the brook.

While squirrels now and then we spied,
As off to some ground hole they hied,
Till hours sped on—and to our place,
We came, with happy heart and face,
Delighted with our sportive hours,
And ramble 'mid the wild wood flowers.

SELF-RESTRAINT.

WHAT is the meaning of self-restraint, mother?" asked Maria, an inquisitive little girl, upon hearing this word used.

Her mother was very glad to hear her ask the question; for good as Maria generally was, yet she had this one fault, she was sometimes discontented, and often cried when she was obliged to do without anything which she wished for. And still it must be so in the world. We often cannot obtain what we desire. We often have in our possession something that we take pleasure in, and it is soon taken from us again. It is, therefore, very necessary that we should be prepared for this from our youth up.

So her mother answered, "It would be self-restraint if you were to give up your

favorite game of pawns, with your playmate Margaret, between school hours to-day."

"But wherefore?" said the little girl, and hung her head sorrowfully; "I have always been allowed to play."

"Neither do I forbid you now," answered her mother; "nay, it shall rest entirely with yourself whether you play to-day with Margaret or not."

"But of what use can this be to me?" said Maria?

"Of this use," replied her mother; "that you will learn to exercise control over yourself, so that you will be able to give up anything, or deny yourself an amusement of which you are fond, as soon as it is necessary."

"But it is not now necessary, dear mother."

"True; but if we wait until a thing is

necessary, we shall not then have the time to prepare ourselves for it."

Maria was silent, and stood for a while as if lost in thought. She understood in part her mother's meaning, but could not comprehend it all.

Her mother now said, "Would you like to hear a story, Maria, by which you may learn how important it is not to accustom ourselves to depend too much upon our pleasures?"

"Oh, yes, dear mother!" replied Maria.

"There was once," begun her mother, "a little girl, whose silly nurse feasted her every day upon dainties. She thus became so accustomed to them, that even when she was grown up, she could not help longing for them, and could not keep her hands from them, whenever they came in her way. It was in vain that she was warned by her

elder brother, who advised her to wean herself in time from such dainties, as she could not always obtain them. The little girl thought that there was plenty of time for that, and never tried to restrain herself. She at last left her father's house, to live as a domestic in a pious family. Here everything was conducted with great order, and dainties and delicacies were rarely seen. What did she do then? She took her pocket-money, and daily bought almonds, figs, and confectionery, until her money was all gone. Her fondness for sweet things had by this time grown still stronger, and it was almost impossible for her to resist it. As she had now no more money of her own, she at first sold some articles of clothing; and when these were gone, she—I shudder as I relate it—she stole from her mistress. But when is any wicked deed committed

that is not sooner or later brought to light? Her crime was discovered, and the unfortunate girl was punished by confinement in prison."

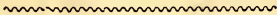
"Oh, that is a sad story!" said Maria with a sigh.

"Sad enough, indeed," answered her mother; "and all this happened because the maiden had not learned in time to deny herself the gratification of a desire before it had become a habit. Do you know now, dear Maria, why I advised you not to play with Margaret to-day?"

"Oh, yes, mother," replied Maria, "I will give up my favorite game for to-day, and for to-morrow also; nay, until I can indulge in it, and refrain from it as often as I wish."

Her mother embraced her, and was delighted with this cheerful and earnest resolution. And still greater was her delight,

when she saw that Maria kept her word. In the course of time, it became no task to Maria to deny herself a pleasure, and this preserved her from many a sorrow. Happy the maiden who follows her example!



A T R U T H.

EACH mighty forest tree,
Each little flowret bright,
Is a creature of God's love,
Which he cares for day and night.

If they are athirst,
He bids the raindrops fall :
For God, our Father, ne'er forgets
His creatures, great or small."



GOOD GIRLS.

Two good little girls, Marianne and Maria,
As happily lived as good girls could desire ;
And though they were neither grave, sullen,
nor mute,
They seldom or never were heard to dis-
pute.

If one wants a thing that the other could
get,
They never are scratching or scrambling
for it,
But each one is willing to give up her right;
They'd rather have nothing, than quarrel
and fight.

If one of them happens to have something
nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice;
Not acting like some greedy children I've
known,
Who would go in a corner and eat it alone.

When papa or mamma had a job to be done,
These good little girls would immediately
run,
And not stand disputing to which it belonged,
And grumble and fret, and declare they were
wronged.

Whatever occurred in their work or their
play,
They were willing to yield, and give up their
own way ;
Then let us all try their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

THE PET LAMB.

(See FRONTISPIECE.)

THE following pleasant little story about a pet lamb was written by Miss C. W. Barber, and published in the Schoolfellow :—

“This is a cold morning,” said Mrs. Johnson, as she laid down her work, and went towards the window — “there was a sharp frost last night, and remnants of it are still to be seen upon the ground ; but Willie, my love, where is your satchel ? It is nearly half-past seven, and as you have full a mile

to walk to school, it is high time you were on the way."

The boy addressed was a fine black-eyed fellow, with a round face and curly hair, which naturally parted upon one side. When his mother commenced speaking, he was constructing a rat-trap, with which he hoped to imprison an old offender, who troubled "mammy," the cook, by nibbling things in the closet, eating holes through the meal-bags, and sundry other misdemeanors; but he quietly closed his knife, and put it into his pocket, and gathered up the pine sticks that he had been whittling. This done, he took his cap and satchel, and walked into the by-path leading from Mr. Johnson's residence to the Male Academy, without uttering a word.

"William is a *good* boy," ejaculated Mrs. Johnson, mentally; "I never have to speak

to him twice; some boys of his age would have left this warm parlor, and the rat-trap, very reluctantly upon this bitter morning, to say the least; but *my* little son always does as he is told without murmuring." A complacent smile settled upon her lip; and resuming her employment, she sewed for half an hour in silence.

At length, she was aroused by the bleating of a lamb directly in front of her window—she looked up, and saw Willie returning with his arms filled by a pretty, soft, snowy lamb; his satchel was suspended from one shoulder, and hung dangling against his back—his cheeks glowed until they were almost purple in the morning air.

"Why, my son, what does this mean?" said Mrs. Johnson, meeting him at the door; "I thought you started to school?"

"O, mamma! see what a pretty lamb—

isn't it a pretty creature?" said he, without heeding her question as he stopped, and kneeling upon the floor, deposited his burden. "I'm going to have it for *my* lamb—my pet lamb; but the poor thing is almost frozen to death. Do you think that I can make it live, mamma?"

"I don't know, indeed, my son," said Mrs. Johnson, stooping down and laying her hand upon its white head. "Where did you get it, Willie?" "I found it beside its dam in the pasture, mamma. The old sheep is dead, and I knew that if I left the little lamb, it would die too; so I concluded to take it in my arms, and turn back home with it. May'nt I stay at home to-day, mamma, and take care of it?"

"Mammy will look after it better than you can," said the judicious mother—the loss of a single recitation at school is to be

avoided, if possible—I am not willing you should lose your place in your class for trifles.”

“But, mamma, this is not a trifle,” said William, in a supplicating tone; “the life of a lamb—a pretty little pet lamb, is by no means to be disregarded.”

“I should like very much to gratify my little son,” said Mrs. Johnson, removing her hand from the lamb to his head, while a pleasant smile came to her lips; “but I do not think it *best* for him to stay at home to-day; I will look after this little lamb, and mammy shall feed it, and revive it, if possible, by the kitchen fire—my Willie must go to school now; he will find his favorite nicely cared for when he returns.”

Willie did not like to go; the effort cost him much more than leaving the rat-trap three quarters of an hour before had done;

but he felt that his mother knew what was best. He called mammy, and committing his charge into her hands, started again for school.

In the course of a few hours, the lamb began to revive. He leaped out of the basket where mammy had placed him, and came near running into the fire. He frisked about and wagged his little short tail at a wonderful rate. Had there been any children upon the lot, they would, doubtless, have gone into an ecstasy of delight over his movements; but Willie was an only child, and no one but Mrs. Johnson and mammy were there to view his gambols.

When Willie came home at five o'clock, it would have done your heart good to have seen him, he was so pleased with his prize. He fed it with warm milk, fresh from the cow—he tied a blue ribbon around its snowy

neck, and named it Tom. He looked forward impatiently to the arrival of Saturday, when he declared that he would build a nice warm pen for it to sleep in at nights. Even after dark, when supper had been eaten, and the family retired, he kept on jabbering about Tom and his prospects.

Willie's life, for many months afterwards, was not by any means a lonely one; for out of school, one companion always attended him. Tom became as much attached to his master as a lamb is capable of becoming; he followed him everywhere—he leaped over hedges and ditches, and rambled with Willie all about the cottage grounds.

But, finally, he became very strong—two little horns started out of his head, and he showed a great propensity to push everything and everybody over that came in his way. Even the faithful old negro who had

taken such excellent care of him during his infancy, when Willie was in school, now declared that “Massa Willie must hab dat sheep killed; she darsen’t go to de smoke-house at all—Tom, first she knew, bunt her square into the smoke-pit.” Mrs. Johnson, too, frequently declared herself very much annoyed by his pranks; she intimated that he must be either slaughtered or sold.

But Willie had no such ideas; he loved Tom quite too well to see him in the hands of a sheep-owner, or bloody butcher; he still called him to accompany him in his walks, and fed him in the pastures.

But, one day, Tom chanced to be straying by a cluster of laurel-bushes in full blossom—perhaps the beauty of the shrub attracted his attention; for he commenced nibbling the shining green leaves with a wonderful relish. Willie was busy looking after a

bird's-nest, and did not observe what he was about. He little thought that his pet lamb was eating poison—but so the sequel proved.

When Willie went, as usual, to pen Tom for the night, he found him swollen and dying—his tongue protruded from his mouth, and it was black, with here and there specks of foam upon it. Willie sat down, and pulling his head into his lap, wept bitterly; it seemed to him that he could hardly have mourned the death of a brother, or a sister, more deeply.

The next day, Willie dug a grave for Tom in the pasture, back of the white cottage; he placed two old grey stones at its head and at its foot, to mark the spot; but he never planted a flower there—it made him too sad; for it brought back to his memory the bright tints of the beautiful flowering shrub, whose glossy leaves had poisoned his pet lamb.

USEFULNESS.

“MOTHER,” said little Annie Ray,

“Why must I sit and sew?

Why must I dust the room each day?

I’m sure I do not know.

“You say that ’t is less trouble

For you these things to do,

Than spend your time in teaching me;

And that I’m sure is true.

“Then, mother, let me run and play;

The little birds are singing;

The lark is on his upward way;

The bee his honey bringing.

“The butterfly from flower to flower

Roams o’er the smiling meadow;

The little brook sings on among

Sunshine and silent shadow.”

“And he who would be glad as they,
Must be as *useful* too,”
The mother said, as to her side
Her child she fondly drew.

“Not for himself the light-winged lark
Sings, as he upward soars,
But for his mate and nestlings dear,
His song of love outpours.

“Not for himself the laden bee
Flies home on weary wings;
My Annie knows what honey sweet
From fields and woods he brings.

“The butterfly bursts from her tomb,
And like her mate the flower
Brings forth her offspring to adorn
Another's summer hour.

“The thirsty man, wearied with toil,
Blesses the little rill;
Like heavenly truth its waters sweet,
Gladness and life distil.

“The happiest man who lives on earth,
Or in the angel host,
Is he who loves his neighbor best,
And labors for him most.

“My little Annie to my arms
The Lord has kindly given,
That I may guide her infant steps,
And lead her up to heaven.”

“Oh, yes,” cried Annie with sparkling eyes,
“Our little Charlie’s there;
And, mother, may I go there too,
His love and joy to share?”

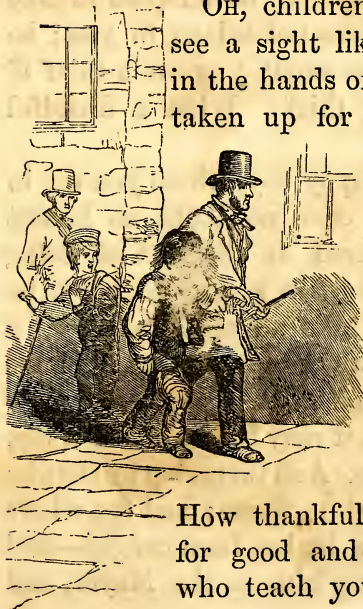
“But none, my Annie, ever live
In the bright world above,
But those who here on earth have striven
Others to help and love.”

“O, then,” said Annie, “I’ll try each day
A useful child to be,
And gladly do the little tasks
That you appoint for me.”

A GOOD RULE.

’T IS well to walk with a cheerful heart
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

THE BOY WHO STOLE.



OH, children! did you ever see a sight like this?—A boy in the hands of a police-officer, taken up for stealing. It is dreadful to think of. Poor boy! He doesn't look as if he had a kind father or mother to provide for him; or, any one to care what becomes of him.

How thankful you should be for good and loving parents, who teach you to be truthful and honest; and who guard

you from the thousand dangers that lie about your paths.

Never, dear children, be tempted to take even a pin that does not belong to you ; be the article ever so small, you are a thief if you take it. A thief ! What a dreadful word !

The poor, unhappy boy, whom you see in the picture, was once, no doubt, an honest boy, and shuddered at the idea of being called a thief ; but, in some evil hour, he was tempted to take an apple, a penny, a piece of cake or an orange that was not his own. No one found him out ; he grew bolder, and stole, it may be, a knife or a top, from his playmate. And then, step by step, he went on from bad to worse ; and see where the end is ! Now he has been caught—and an officer is taking him to the Mayor, and

the Mayor will send him to prison, or the House of Refuge. Oh! it is sad to think of.

I have read somewhere in Mr. Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet, I believe, the story of a little boy who was tempted to take some candy which his father and mother had laid by in a drawer, to be divided between him and his sister Alice. The boy's name was John, and their father used to call them, pleasantly, Jack and Gill. Their father, Mr. Page, had been from home, and when he returned he brought a nice package of candy. It so happened that Jack was alone in the room with this candy.

"His father was out on the farm, and his mother and little sister, together with the baby, had gone to see a neighbor, and Jack was alone, as I have said, with the candy. So he seized the opportunity to pull out the drawer and take a look at it. It certainly

did look very pretty indeed; the red and the white, twisted and plaited all so nicely together, and those rich lemon drops. Jack was particularly fond of the lemon drops, and he gazed very wishfully upon the treasure lying there.

“‘I wonder,’ said he to himself, ‘mother didn’t lock this drawer. Somebody might take the candy; but who is there to take it but me? Jane is gone to carry the baby, and I’m left to be housekeeper, while they’re away. These lemon drops look very sweet—I don’t think mother would miss two or three of them. I’m sure she wouldn’t.’ And so Jack took up one or two of the lemon drops, and was about putting them in his mouth, when he stopped a moment and reflected.

“‘Mother won’t miss these,’ said he, ‘I’m sure—only a couple of them; but then

if she was here, I would n't take them without her leave, and I wouldn't like her to know I took them any how. She has left the drawer unlocked, and that's as much as to say, she has no fears about Jack, for he's to be trusted. Suppose, now, I take these lemon drops. I shan't be able to look mother in the face the next time Uncle Isaac comes to our house, and mother tells him, "Jack's such a trusty boy." No, I like lemon drops, but I can't do this to get them; and now I think of it, it looks very much like stealing, to be taking them all so secretly, and choosing such as I am sure could not be missed. Why, it would be stealing, as sure as the world—and I feel a good deal like a thief already. I'm sure if papa or mamma was to come in at that door now, I would feel as mean as a thief."

So Jack put back the lemon drops, and

closed the drawer, and sat down, and tried to read the Swiss Family Robinson, which one of his schoolmates had lent him ; but it was all in vain ; he could n't read, nor could he keep this affair of the lemon drops out of his mind. He sat there with his face upon his hand, thinking about it, and feeling pretty sad, when the sound of his sister's cheerful voice was heard coming up the walk, signifying that his mother had returned. Jack tried to appear cheerful, as if nothing had happened, but it was a poor effort, and so he left the house and went out to the stable, and patted old Sorrel awhile on the the neck ; for he loved the horse dearly, but he did n't fancy staying about where his mother was, at all.

“Toward night, however, he came into the house, still feeling very heavy and dull, as if a weight of some kind were pressing

upon him. He couldn't talk, and could hardly have laughed at anything. Little Alice was frolicking about, and had just made a bargain with her papa to give him a kiss apiece for half-a-dozen lemon drops, and was already fulfilling her part of the bargain at a great rate, in advance. Mr. Page got the lemon drops, and paid his debt by putting two in each hand and two in her mouth. 'And here, Jack,' said he, 'are half-a-dozen for you, who sit there as sober as your grandfather.'

"Don't want any,' said Jack.

"Don't want any!' said his papa, in reply. 'Why, what's got into the boy? Don't you love them?'

"Yes, sir.'

"Well, here they are; they are for you, and nobody else,' answered his papa.

"Still Jack sat there as solemn and as

sober as his old grandfather, sure enough, and did not seem inclined to accept them.

“‘Give them to me,’ said the roguish little Gill; ‘brother Jack don’t love candies. I’ll eat them.’

“‘No, no,’ answered her father, somewhat seriously, ‘there’s something the matter here. Are you sick, Jack?’

“‘No, sir,’ said the poor boy.

“‘Well, what in the world—has anybody offended you?’ asked Mr. Page.

“‘No, sir; but I’ve offended myself,’ was the calm reply.

“‘What’s the matter, my son?’ said Mr. Page, very tenderly.

“Jack could stand it no longer’ but burst into tears, and cried a long time, as if his heart would break. His papa knew that something was wrong, and he saw, too, that

Jack's conscience was doing a severe but wholesome work, and so he said nothing.

"As soon as Jack *had his cry out*, as the children say, he told his papa and mamma all about it, and how mean and bad he felt for indulging such inclinations, when they thought, too, that he was a boy to be trusted, in sight and out of sight.

"'You may just depend upon it, mother,' said Jack, 'I'll not do so again, for it makes a body feel entirely too much out of conceit with himself. And now, papa,' continued Jack, wiping his eyes, with an honest expression of countenance, 'now, papa, it's all over, and I'll take those lemon drops, if you please.'

"'Here they are, Jack,' said Mr. Page, 'and here is my hand, too; for the evidence you have just given me of a truly honest heart is worth a bushel of lemon drops.'"

MAR .

THOU art going from us, Mary,
As a bud falls from the tree ;
Thou art leaving warm hearts, Mary,
And their blessings go with thee.
As the snow-drop in the woodland,
As the violet in the dell,
We shall miss thy modest loveliness,—
Sweet Mary, fare thee well !

We shall miss thy pleasant voice, Mary,
As the tone of some wild bird ;
And shall listen for thy name, Mary—
That blessed household word.
As a moonbeam from the window,
As a brooklet in its swell,
We shall miss thy gentle presence,—
Sweet Mary, fare thee well !

The children love thee, Mary,
And their hearts must thrill with pain,
When they find thy pillow empty,
And call for thee in vain.

Thy name, thy dear name, Mary,
Was the first our boy could say;
We shall not forget it, Mary,
When thou art far away.

Thou art going home, my Mary—
God bless thee evermore;
Thou shalt be welcome back again,
As the sunbeam to our door.
• Come when the flowers are blooming,
And the wild birds are in song;
For though you leave us, Mary,
It must not be for long.

Mrs. Stevens.

THE TWO SCHOOL GIRLS;
OR, LESSON OF FORGIVENESS.



GROUP of little girls were standing, one clear day in summer, on the green in front of their school-house. They were in earnest discussion, and long and loud were the

voices, while one modest-looking child in the centre was trying in vain to wipe away the tears, that, in spite of all her efforts, would roll over her cheeks.

“Never mind, Mary,” said one, “we all know you ought to have been at the head; and that you would have been, if it had not been for Margaret Nelson.”

“I feel sorry I lost my place,” said Mary, “but I am not crying for that. I loved Margaret, and I thought she loved me; but I do not like to think that any one could have been so selfish and mean.”

“You might have let me tell Mrs. Carter, and I know you would not have lost your place then, Mary,”

“Oh, no, Ellen; I do not want to disgrace Margaret in Mrs. Carter’s eyes. It is bad enough that you happened to hear her, and to know it.”

“I don’t believe there is a single girl in our class who will speak to her after this, unless you do.”

“I hope I shall try to do right about it,” answered Mary.

“I’ll leave her no peace,” said Lucy, “for I’ll talk to her every chance I can get; and I only wish I could make my voice sound as

if it came from all corners of the room, like a ventriloquist, and she should hear all sorts of sounds."

"I don't believe that would do any good, Lucy. It is best to say nothing about it."

"I will not promise to say nothing about it," replied Anna; "for I do not think I can help speaking."

"Well," answered Mary, "we shall not be in season for our dinners, if we talk here much longer. We must go."

Mary and Anna turned down the road, and the other girls went in an opposite direction.

"Now, what are you going to do?" asked Anna. "You surely will not treat Margaret just as you did before, will you?"

"I ought to do it; but I cannot say that I shall. I hope I shall be able. But it is very hard not to make any difference; and,

in spite of myself, my manner or my tone might show I felt injured, if my words did not. I am sure I did not think, last Sunday, when Miss Deane, my Sunday School teacher, told us about forgiveness of injuries, that I should have to practice it so soon."

"If you do," said Anna, "you will be the first school-girl that ever did. But you are a dear, good girl, Mary," added Anna, kissing her; "and *we* all know where your place should be, if Mrs. Carter does not. Good-bye." And Anna ran across the street, leaving Mary on the door-steps.

Mary stood in the large entry closet, while she was putting away her bonnet and shawl, and tried to feel kindly to Margaret; but it was hard work, and Mrs. Coleman saw, when she raised her eyes, as Mary entered the parlor, that her face was clouded.

"Well, dear," she said, inquiringly, "tell

me all about it. Your face tells a history, though I am not quite skilful enough to read it exactly."

"I can tell you the story, mother, but I think I had better not tell you the name of the person, except I will say that she is one of my best friends. She was next to me in the class, and I always thought she did not care to get above me; at least, she has often told me so. To-day there was a hard question in arithmetic, and I asked her the explanation of it in recess, because I had seen her ask Mrs. Carter just before, and knew she must have told her the right one. She gave me the explanation, and two or three of the other girls listened and heard it, too. The question came to me, and I explained it as she had told me. Mrs. Carter said it was wrong, and passed it to her without waiting to hear what I had to say. She did

it correctly, and went above me. I thought I must have mistaken what the girl had said, though I did not see how I could have done so; but Sarah Lee was standing by the desk when Mrs. Carter explained the sum; and she showed it to one of the girls who had heard what my friend had said. This girl was coming to tell me; but recess was over before she could find me. Sarah accused her of telling me the wrong way, when school was done; and all the girls who were near said she looked very guilty, and muttered something to herself, and then hurried off as fast as possible."

"Could any child do such a mean, selfish action? I can hardly believe it."

"I tried not to believe it, mother, but it must be true. I cannot bear to think any one would do it."

"Did you tell Mrs. Carter, after school?"

"No, mamma. I did not want her to know it. The girls were going to tell her, but I begged they would not. I feel troubled about it, and grieved that any one I love should do so."

"Are you sure you are not *angry*, instead of grieved?"

"I think so, mamma. I was very angry at first, but I do not feel at all as I did then."

"I am sorry that this has happened; but I want you to try to do right about it. Try to treat her as if she had not injured you." Mary promised to do her best.

At school, in the afternoon, Margaret studiously avoided Mary, and turned her head whenever she saw her approaching. When school was out, she ran home without waiting for any of the girls.

A matter so generally known in school

could not fail to reach the ears of Mrs. Carter. In fact, she heard it the very next day. She was walking home behind Sarah Lee and Lucy, when she heard the latter say, "She is an *abominable cheat*, and I wish she would leave the school."

"Who is such a cheat?" she asked

The girls turned, and seeing Mrs. Carter, looked very much confused; but on her repeating the question, Lucy answered: "I wanted to tell you all about it yesterday, but Mary Coleman would not let me. But, as you have asked, now I shall tell you." And she related the whole affair.

Mrs. Carter was surprised and grieved. "Why," she inquired, "was Mary unwilling that I should know it? She would certainly have kept her place."

"Because she said Margaret was injured in the good opinion of the scholars, and she

did not wish her to lose your good opinion, too."

At the corner of the street, Mrs. Carter bade the scholars "good morning," and went home, forming a plan to punish Margaret. At school, that afternoon, she called Margaret to her, and had a long talk with her. The girl returned to her seat weeping violently, but shook off the hand Mary placed on her shoulder, rather seeming angry at being found out, than sorry for having been so deceitful and selfish.

More than a week passed by, and Margaret still avoided Mary. One day, in recess, however, Mary saw her friend crying, as if in great trouble. She went to her, and kindly asked her the cause of her tears. Her tone was so pleasant and sympathising, that Margaret said she could not perform her questions in arithmetic, and that none

of the girls would show her. Asking the teacher was out of the question, as she was engaged with a gentleman. Mary sat down by her, and helped her. She was finishing the last question when the bell rang.

After school she asked Margaret to walk with her, and the two were soon chatting as pleasantly as ever. As they came near home, on their return, Margaret grew silent, and scarcely answered her companion; but, just as they were about to separate, she made a good effort, and said: "Mary, I shall never feel happy till you have your right place again. I do not know what could have tempted me to treat you so unkindly. I have not had a happy hour since; and when I tried to pray morning and night, the words choked me. Do say you forgive me, and don't refuse to take your place

again." Mary had refused to do this, though Mrs. Carter had urged it several times.

"I will take the place," she answered, "when I get above you fairly, but not till then. I had *forgiven* you long ago. I did feel very angry at first, and afterwards was sorry that you did so; but let us never say any more about it."

The girls parted—Mary with the lightest of hearts—and Margaret resolved to follow Mary's good example. We may add that this example was not lost upon others among her schoolmates, who were led to forgive, not perhaps as serious offences, but little matters which are often the root of much bitterness among school-girls: and Margaret herself always remained a firm friend to Mary, and prayed and strove sincerely for the spirit of forgiveness.

TO MY BROTHER.

WE are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night ;
We are but two—oh let us keep
The links that bind us, bright.

Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same ;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked—
Long be her love repaid ;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and wo ;
Let manhood keep alive the flame
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the bond
To hold us till we die ;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.

Charles Sprague.

THE TOILING BEES.

“Not to myself alone,”
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—
“Not to myself alone from flower to flower,
I rove the woods, the garden and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come ;
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care,
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil-
A scanty share.”

THE JOURNEY.

“No more books! no more lessons! hurra! hurra!” shouted Harry Graham, as he sprang into the parlor with a

bound, and tossed a pile of school-books on the sofa. “To-morrow is the day, mother,” he continued, looking into his mother’s face with a smile of triumphant joy,

“to-morrow is the day that will make me happy; to-morrow we shall start on our journey, and then I shall be free from every lesson for a month. Oh! what good



luck! I shall go in an elegant steamboat across Lake Erie, and we shall be out of sight of land; we'll stop at handsome hotels; and it will be nothing but pleasure all the time."

"Yes; but Harry," said his mother, smiling, "suppose you could learn a lesson that would be useful to you all your life, in the midst of your pleasure, then would you not be willing to learn it?"

"Well, I think not, mother," replied Harry, after gravely considering for a few moments; "when I have pleasure, I want it all pleasure, and when I study, it shall be in earnest; that is my way of thinking."

"And so you think happiness must be laid aside when you begin to learn anything,—and that lessons are contained in nothing but books? We'll see, Harry, if some opportunity will not occur before long to teach you lessons you will be glad to learn, and not out of books either."

“I don’t see how that can be,” said Harry, with an inquiring look; “but perhaps I shall see some of these days.”

The wished-for to-morrow came; everything was packed up; the carriage was at the door, and with a joyful heart Harry took his place beside his mother. They had a long journey in view, as Mrs. Graham was about visiting a sister who lived in the “far West.” Harry wearied of steamboats and railroads, and was glad to rest a day or two, or rather run about upon his feet awhile in a gay city, before starting afresh in a steamboat to cross Lake Erie. Late in the afternoon, he and his mother left their hotel, and were driven to the steamboat; already many people were there, and with the impatience of a child, Harry begged his mother to walk out upon the deck; he did not like the crowded saloon. They went; the sun was just setting, and threw

a vermillion lustre upon the quiet waters; Mrs. Graham was observing it with pleasure, when Harry exclaimed with eagerness. "Oh! mother, what are they doing here? See this boat fastened to ours, and all those poor people on the top of it."

"That is a canal-boat," said Mrs. Graham, moving nearer, "those poor people are going to set up a home in the West; they have not been able to travel by railroad, for it would cost them too much. Look at their poor, scanty furniture; they are removing it from that boat to this."

"Then they will be our fellow-travellers," said Harry with animation. "I am glad of that; for, mother, look at that poor little girl sitting on a trunk with a baby in her arms. Its little feet are bare—and how cold they both look; there stands beside them a little boy about four years old; he must be the girl's brother, for she speaks to him:

now he is looking into a basket he holds on his arm; he takes out a small piece of bread and gives it to the baby; now he holds out his hand and looks so beseechingly at his sister; she shakes her head; poor boy! he goes away, and sits on another trunk, with his back to the other two. Mother, don't you suppose he is hungry?"

"Yes, dear. I suppose the family furnished their own food before starting on their journey, and probably it is all gone now. They will not get anything to eat on this boat until morning, for I find we are not to have supper, as I thought we should."

"But *we* can get something, can't we, mother?"

"We may perhaps get some crackers in an hour or two; after the boat starts. Every one is so busy, I shall not attempt it now."

"I have two beautiful peaches that you

gave me, mother," Harry said, and then looked at the poor children with a bright tear in his eye. "See, the little boy is looking back at the baby with such wishful eyes; almost all the bread is gone. Now his father calls him; he is going to lift him on our boat; but first he carries his basket like a little hero, then a box, then something else; now he comes himself; there, I cannot see him now, he is on the lower deck. There comes the little girl, but her mother has taken the baby! They are all on board now! I am so glad, so happy!—dear mother,—won't you tell me how I can get down to them?"

"Why, Harry?"

"I must give them my peaches," he replied, with a glowing cheek, and eyes bright with the delightful thought of making the poor children happy.

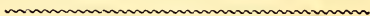
“Are you hungry, Harry? It will be a good while before you can have those crackers?”

“I am only a little hungry; but I don’t care; I am glad of it, for it might better be *me* than those children; I can always have nice things; and these beautiful peaches will be such a delight to them; won’t they, dear mother?”

“Yes, my dear boy,” said his mother with a happy, approving smile, “there will be delight all around, for it gives me the deepest joy to see you deny yourself for the sake of those more needy,—you are very happy to do so, and they will be thankful.” Mrs. Graham showed the way, and Harry saw the poor children’s faces brighten so joyfully when he told them the fruit was really for them. “And now, Harry,” said his mother, “you have learned a lesson without

a book; you have learned that it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ah, yes," replied the generous boy, "that is a beautiful lesson, and I will never forget it."



A PICTURE.

THE farmer sat in his easy chair
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat in the self-same place;

As the tear stole down from his half-shut
eye,
“Don’t smoke!” said the child, “how it
makes you cry!”

The house-dog lay stretched out on the
floor

Where the shade, afternoons, used to
steal;

The busy old wife by the open door

Was turning the spinning-wheel,

And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
Had plodded along to almost three :

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair

While close to his heaving breast

The moistened brow and the cheek so fair

Of his sweet grandchild were pressed ;

His head bent down, on the soft hair lay—

Fast asleep were they both, that summer
day !

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

ONE morning in my early life I remember to have been playing with my younger sister, not then three years old. It was one of those bright mornings in the spring, that bring joy and life to the heart, and diffuse gladness and animation through all the tribes of living creatures. Our feelings were in perfect harmony with the universal gladness of nature. Even now I seem to hear my little sister as she followed me through the winding alleys of the garden, her cheek suffused with the glow of health and animation, and her waving hair floating with the wind.

She was my only sister, the sole companion of my childish sports. We were constantly together; and my young heart went out to hers with all the affection, all the

fondness, of which childhood is capable. Nothing afforded me enjoyment in which she did not participate; no amusement was sought in which we could not share together.

That morning we had prolonged our play till near the hour of breakfast, with undiminished ardor, when at some slight provocation my impetuous nature broke forth, and I struck my little sister a blow with my hand. She turned to me with an appealing look, and the large tears came in her eyes: her heart was too full to allow her to speak, and shame made me silent. At that moment the breakfast-bell summoned us away, and we returned without exchanging a word. The excitement of play was over, and, as she sat beside my mother at breakfast, I perceived by glances at her, that she was pale and sad. A tear seemed ready to start

in her eye, which her little self-possession could scarcely suppress. It was only when my mother inquired if she were ill that she drank her coffee and endeavored to eat. I was ashamed and grieved, and inwardly resolved to embrace the first opportunity, when we were alone, to throw my arms around her neck, and entreat her forgiveness.

When breakfast was ended, my mother retired with her into her room, directing me in the meantime to sit down to my lessons. I seated myself at the window, and ran over my lesson, but did not learn it; my thoughts were perpetually recurring to the scene in the garden and at table. It was long before my mother returned; and when she did, it was with an agitated look, and hurried step, to tell me that poor Ellen was very ill. I asked eagerly if I might go to her, but was

not permitted, lest I should disturb her. A physician was soon called, and every means made use of for her recovery, but to no purpose. The disease, which was in her head, constantly increased in violence, and she became delirious. It was not till evening that I was permitted to see her: she was a little recovered from the severity of the pain, and lay with her eyes closed, and her little hand resting on the pillow beneath her head. How I longed to tell her the sorrow I felt for my unkindness to her in the morning, and how much I suffered for it during the day. But I was forbidden to speak to her, and was soon taken out of the room. During that night and the day following she grew worse. I saw her several times, but she was insensible of my presence. Once indeed she showed some signs of conscious-

ness and asked for me ; but immediately relapsed into her former state.

On the morning of the third day I arose at an early hour, and repaired to the sick-room. My mother was sitting by the bed. As I entered, she drew me to her, and for some time was silent, while the tears flowed fast down her face. I first learned that my sweet sister was dead, as my mother drew aside the curtain, which concealed her from me. I felt as though my heart would break. The remembrance of her affection for me, and my last unkind deed, revived in my mind, and burying my face in the folds of the curtain, I wept long and bitterly.

I saw her laid in the coffin, and lowered into the grave. I almost wished to lie down with her, if so I might once more see her smile, and hear my forgiveness pronounced in her sweet voice.

Years have passed away, and I am now a man, but never does the recollection of this incident of my early life fail to awaken bitter feelings of remorse; and never do I see any of my young friends exchanging looks or words of anger, without thinking of my pastime with my own loved sister.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

I HEARD the voice of a happy child,
Ring clear through the morning air,
By its merry lightness and careless glee,
Saying naught of grief had been there;
And nothing seemed sweeter then, to me,
Than the music which breathed in its tone,
And I listened again for the sounds so clear,
But the child and the laugh were gone.

But I heard again that thrilling voice,
Poured out in a warbling song;
When the sun with its glorious noontide
light,
Streamed the rainbow flowers among.
And I sat delighted, each sound as it came
Sounding freer, more clear than the last,
And I almost wept when it died away
And the child with the song had passed.

But at eve, when the wild bird sang her
song,
That gentle voice again,
Came sweeter than ever I heard it before,
In a low, soft, earnest strain.
'T was the evening prayer of that same glad
child,
Than the laugh or song more deep,
And it floated around in a spirit strain,
When his lips were hushed in sleep.



ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

OF all the animals which are subject to man, there is none which sustains to him such intimate relations as the Dog; none which so generally and remarkably merit his regard and confidence. Many animals exhibit surprising traits of disposition—extraordinary sagacity—gratitude for favors—revenge for injuries—consciousness of danger—warmth and even fidelity of attachment for man—but all of these qualifications are

united in the Dog, and he is entitled, above all other animals, to be called the friend of man.

There are upwards of a hundred different varieties of this animal, and yet in every one of them the general features are the same. Docility, fidelity and generosity are his chief characteristics, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in every condition of life he is cherished and beloved.

The poor Indian, whose only idea of Heaven is of wide and happy hunting-grounds, firmly believes that his dog will be admitted there with him, and would not willingly resign his companionship.

The dog has been frequently known to die of grief for the loss of his master, and an incident is related of one who belonged to a poor woman in Westmoreland, England. The woman had a young child of which the

dog was very fond and careful, generally sleeping with it in the cradle. While they were on a visit to a neighboring town the child died, and after its burial the mother returned home, but so great was her grief for her child that some days elapsed before she missed the dog. In vain did she search for him—he was nowhere to be found. Passing shortly afterwards through the village where her child died, she visited the graveyard, and there in a hollow, which he had scratched upon the child's grave, lay the wasted form of the faithful dog.

The sagacity of dogs is so remarkable that some have even supposed them to be possessed of reason, doubting that mere instinct could produce such discrimination as they sometimes exhibit. A shepherd's dog in Scotland was once directed by his master to seize one of the flock that was afflicted with

a common distemper. Lodie, which was the animal's name, immediately fastened the sheep to the spot, and held it while the shepherd clipped off some of its wool and applied a healing balsam; this was repeated in two or three cases, and after that, Lodie needed no directions, for he proceeded unbidden through the flock, caught every diseased sheep and held it fast until the curative means had been employed upon it. In this way he saved his master a world of trouble.

The docility of the dog is one of its most remarkable traits. He can be taught to do almost anything—and doubtless many a little reader has taught his own dog to carry a basket—to fetch a little boat out of the water—or to do something of the kind.

These, however, are very insignificant feats, compared with many that are related

in books. Over a hundred dogs were so trained that they could perform, in concert, a number of plays, representing scenes both tragic and comic, with a life-likeness that astonished all beholders. They were exhibited in London, where, among other strange things, they acted in a mimic siege. They were all dressed in soldiers' uniform—standing on their hind legs and walking erect—bearing muskets in their fore-paws. Upon the stage was a miniature fortress—with all the accompaniments of moat and walls and ranges of ramparts. These were guarded by soldier dogs—like the besieging party. Among these were officers of various grades, and they held grave consultations—which were interrupted by a shot from the fortress. This was the signal for an attack; and now followed all the pomp and circumstance of war. Shots were fired—smoke

poured out in volleys—drums beat—trumpets sounded—ladders were placed against the walls and immediately crowded with the assailants, some of whom were pushed into the moat. At length the forlorn hope advanced to the attack, and now came the tug of war, which, after a most exciting and extraordinary scene of conflict, resulted in the capture of the fortress—whereupon the leader of the victors tore down the enemy's flag and hoisted, in its stead, the British colors—to the tune of "God save the King."

This is probably the most wonderful feat ever performed by dogs, and we scarcely know which to admire most, the ingenuity and patience of their teachers, or the wonderful abilities of the army of dogs. The same dogs also represented a fashionable assembly—exhibiting a great variety of costumes, male and female, and all the

etiquette of the best society. The entertainments included the reception of a visitor of high rank, and wound up with a grand fancy ball! The leader of the besieging army was here transformed into a Master of Ceremonies, and acquitted himself to the admiration of all the spectators.

Two dogs, named Braque and Philax, were wonderfully taught by their master, a French gentleman named Leonard, who exhibited them not for gain but for scientific ends. These dogs exercised memory—and displayed such powers of discrimination that they seemed to be guided by Reason. They distinguished colors—words, and even figures—one of them played very skilfully at dominoes—and conducted the game with surprising art. When he could match the domino played by his opponent, he did so, with a joyful expression of face, and when

he could not do so, he seemed distressed and shook his head sadly. Such was the intelligence of these two dogs that when it had been arranged that at three raps at the door, Braque should do a given thing, and that at five Philax should perform his part, they never made the least mistake.

Mr. Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," as he is called, used to declare that dogs knew what was said about them in their hearing. He had a dog named Hector, and one day he observed to his mother, "I shall go to Bowerhope to-morrow, but Hector must not go with me, for he is always quarrelling with other dogs." The dog was present, and Hogg says he thought no more of it until, the next morning, when he reached Bowerhope—there was Hector waiting his arrival—having swum a full river to reach the spot.

There is very good evidence, that in Germany, a dog was taught to speak—and actually learned to pronounce a number of words—so that it could call for tea, coffee, &c.

Mrs. Hall, the authoress, had a greyhound which was so sensitive of discord in music, that it screamed out in apparent distress if a false note was struck on the piano, or any instrument. We are told also that a German gentleman succeeded in teaching a poodle dog to recognize false notes in music, by striking him with a cane at every such note—until finally the dog became so expert in detecting them, that the moment he heard one, in public or in private, he would howl out his disapproval instantly. He was equally critical in new as in familiar pieces of music. So perfect did the poodle's education in music become, that he would in-

stantly detect and bitterly denounce, any lack of harmony in composition—so that he was the terror of all the composers in the town of Darmstadt. When intentionally annoyed by performers he became greatly excited, and if they did not keep him in reasonable bounds, he would become wild and fly at them with all possible fierceness.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I KNEEL before thee, Lord!

Oh! teach me what to say!

I know I must have help from thee

Even to pray.

The year has just begun,

May it be blest to me;

Oh! aid me, day by day, to draw

Nearer to thee.

Teach me to understand

What thou would'st have me do :

To shun all that is false, and love

All that is true.

I do not always act

As rightly as I should ;

Teach me to hate all evil ways,

And make me good.

That, when this year is past,

And I before thee bow,

I may kneel down a better child

Than I am now.

“SEAMED, AND SCARRED, AND
WOUNDED.”



WHEN you called me, mother, I was listening to John. He was telling me about an old veteran soldier he had talked with in England, who had fought in the battle of Waterloo, and had been wounded, and what tales he had to tell about Spain, and all that. What he had to say made me almost wish we had wars going on here, that one might be something of a hero, and fight and suffer and do something for one's country."

"And what was it John called out to say to you as we came away?"

“He told me I might have fighting enough to do any day. But I know what he meant. He meant the every-day sort of fighting with one’s self, and one’s faults. That does very well to read about, but there’s nothing very exciting in that kind of battle.”

“It leaves its wounds behind sometimes.”

“But people don’t show their wounds of that sort,” answered Henry, “because it is the cheerful people that get the victory, and they cover up their troubles and their wounds, and keep silent about their battles.”

“Miss Gray, whom we are going to see,” said his mother, “bears about with her the scars and wounds of a very severe struggle.”

“Oh yes, Miss Gray was a real heroine. She saved that little child from the fire, and at the risk of her own life. What courage she showed in going back to the house while

it was in flames! And everybody says she had been so calm through the whole, that there would have been nothing saved if it had not been for her presence of mind."

"That courage was nothing new to her. She has shown it under less exciting causes. The first part of her life was passed in the midst of injuries. At the death of an uncle, who had surrounded her with everything she could want, and who had yielded to every wish, she came home to her father and mother. They died, and left to her care and support, younger brothers and sisters. She brought them up, and educated them, watched with them when they were ill, and then her own health failed. But her courage never failed. The only 'wound' I ever saw upon her then, was a little contraction upon her brow, and that was caused by severe pain. You can remember how she

has always been the most joyous person in the village."

"Mother," said Henry, as they reached the door of the cottage in the lane, "I was going to tell you I would leave your basket at the door with you, and wait in the lane, till you should come out. I had an idea, I had rather not see a person who had been suffering so much. But I should like to go in with you now; I am not sure but Miss Gray's battles have been greater than the Waterloo kind."

Half an hour afterwards, Henry and his mother came out from the cottage. The sun was just setting, and they lingered in the gateway to watch how he went behind the mountains.

"I am very glad I went in to see Miss Gray," said Henry. "How can she be so happy, and yet so helpless? While you

were gone to speak to her sister, she talked with me in such a pleasant way. She told me some funny stories about the way they lived on her uncle's farm, where they used to stay, so that I laughed till I cried. She did not say a word to me or to you about her troubles. And you did not ask her about them."

"No, I asked her sister of those. If you had heard what she told me, you would have wondered still more that Miss Gray could appear to forget them for a moment."

"She says I may go to see her often, and she will tell me more about her adventures, because she has been quite a traveller."

"Yes, she travelled with a friend, who was very ill, and she saw more than most people do who travel merely for their pleasure."

“And, mother, Miss Gray has her laurels around her, too.”

“What do you mean by her laurels?”

“Why, the beautiful flowers, that so many people have sent her, because they loved her,—and pleasant books for her to read, and delicious fruit. She showed me on a broad green leaf, a few strawberries that James Goodwin had picked her out of his own garden. He is one of those rude boys that I never supposed would care for anybody.”

“Miss Gray wins everybody’s love. The man whom we met as we came near the cottage, with the log of wood over his shoulder, is the owner of the cottage, and Miss Gray’s sister told me that he had been invariably kind, and eager to do all he could for them. She was brought directly to the cottage after the terrible fire, and he and his

family have devoted themselves to her comfort."

"What a pretty place it is," said Henry, as he looked back down the lane, towards the cottage they had left. "What a beautiful elm before the door, and a neat fence by its side. I like those deep eaves that come out so far beyond the walls."

"Nobody would think," said his mother, "from its quiet appearance outside, that there was that kind of battle, as you call it, going on within; and, as you say, the cheerful people cover up what scars and wounds they have."

"So they have a double victory, one over the pain of the wound itself, and the other over the appearance of suffering pain; and, as you say, with the victory, the laurels come too; for such conquerors are never left desolate of love and kindness."

A FOREST SCENE IN THE DAYS OF
WICKLIFFE.

[To make the following poem, which we have selected for our young readers, understood by them, we will mention that there was a time in the history of the Christian Church, when the rulers in that church had great power, even over kings as well as people. These rulers were bad men, although called priests, and one of their worst acts was to refuse to let the Bible be read, and to punish all who read it, sometimes even with death. This holy book was then printed in Latin, Greek, or some other language only understood by the learned. But, at last, it was printed in the English language, and the poem relates how a little girl, living in those days, got possession of one of those

English copies, and read the Bible for the first time in her life. How thankful should we all be, that this blessed Book, in which are the waters of eternal life, can now be had by every one, and read by every one in Christendom :]

A little child she read a book
Beside an open door ;
And, as she read page after page,
She wonder'd more and more.

Her little finger carefully
Went pointing out the place ;—
Her golden locks hung drooping down,
And shadow'd half her face.

The open book lay on her knee,
Her eyes on it were bent ;
And as she read page after page,
The color came and went.

She sat upon a mossy stone
An open door beside ;
And round, for miles on every hand,
Stretch'd out a forest wide.

The summer sun shone on the trees,
The deer lay in the shade;
And overhead the singing birds,
Their pleasant clamor made.

There was no garden round the house,
And it was low and small,—
The forest sward grew to the door;
The lichens on the wall.

There was no garden round about,
Yet flowers were growing free,
The cowslip and the daffodil,
Upon the forest-lea.

The butterfly went swiftly by,
The bees were in the flowers;
But the little child sat steadfastly,
As she had sat for hours.

“Why sit you here, my little maid?”
An aged pilgrim spake;
The child look’d upward from her book,
Like one but just awake.

Back fell her locks of golden hair,
And solemn was her look,
And thus she answer'd, witlessly,
"Oh, sir, I read this book!"

"And what is there within that book,
To win a child like thee?—
Up! join thy mates, the merry birds,
And frolic with the bee!"

"Nay, sir, I cannot leave this book,
I love it more than play;—
I've read all legends, but this one
Ne'er saw I till this day.

"And there is something in this book,
That makes all care begone,—
And yet I weep, I know not why,
As I go reading on!"

"Who art thou, child, that thou shouldst read
A book with mickle heed?
Books are for clerks—the king himself
Hath much ado to read!"

“My father is a forester—
A bowman keen and good;
He keeps the deer within their bound,
And worketh in the wood.

“My mother died in Candlemas,—
The flowers are all in blow
Upon her grave at Allonby,
Down in the dale below.”

This said, unto her book she turn'd,
As steadfast as before;
“Nay,” said the pilgrim, “nay, not yet,
And you must tell me more.

“Who was it taught you thus to read?”
“Ah, sir, it was my mother,—
She taught me both to read and spell—
And so she taught my brother.

“My brother dwells at Allonby
With the good monks alway;
And this new book he brought to me,
But only for one day.

“Oh, sir, it is a wondrous book,
Better than Charlemagne,—
And, be you pleased to leave me now,
I’ll read in it again!”

“Nay, read to me,” the pilgrim said;
And the little child went on,
To read of CHRIST, as was set forth
In the Gospel of St. John.

On, on she read, and gentle tears
Adown her cheeks did slide;
The pilgrim sat, with bended head,
And he wept at her side.

“I’ve heard,” said he, “the Archbishop,
I’ve heard the Pope of Rome,
But never did their spoken words
Thus to my spirit come!”

“The book, it is a blessed book!
Its name, what may it be?”
Said she, “They are the words of CHRIST
That I have read to thee;
Now done into the English tongue
For folks unlearn’d as we!”

‘Sancta Maria!’ said the man,
Our canons have decreed
That this is an unholy book
For simple folk to read!

“Sancta Maria! Bless’d be God!
Had this good book been mine,
I need not have gone on pilgrimage
To holy Palestine!

“Give me the book, and let me read!
My soul is strangely stirr’d;—
They are such words of love and truth
As ne’er before I heard!”

The little girl gave up the book,
And the pilgrim, old and brown,
With reverent lips did kiss the page,
Then on the stone sat down.

And aye he read page after page;
Page after page he turn’d;
And as he read their blessed words
His heart within him burn’d.

Still, still the book the old man read,
As he would ne'er have done ;
From the hour of noon he read the book,
Unto the set of sun.

The little child she brought him out
A cake of wheaten bread ;
But it lay unbroke at eventide ;
Nor did he raise his head,
Until he every written page
Within the book had read.

Then came the sturdy forester
Along the homeward track,
Whistling aloud a hunting tune,
With a slain deer on his back.

Loud greeting gave the forester
Unto the pilgrim poor ;
The old man rose with thoughtful brow,
And enter'd at the door.

The two had sat them down to meat,
And the pilgrim 'gan to tell
How he had eaten on Olivet,
And drank at Jacob's well.

And then he told how he had knelt
Where'er our LORD had pray'd ;
How he had in the garden been,
And the tomb where he was laid.

And then he turn'd unto the book,
And read, in English plain,
How CHRIST had died on Calvary ;
How he had risen again ;

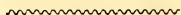
And all his comfortable words,
His deeds of mercy all,
He read, and of the widow's mite,
And the poor prodigal.

As water to the parched soil,
As to the hungry, bread,
So fell upon the woodman's soul
Each word the pilgrim read.

Thus through the midnight did they read,
Until the dawn of day ;
And then came in the woodman's son
To fetch the book away

All quick and troubled was his speech,
His face was pale with dread,
For he said, "The King hath made a law
That the book must not be read,—
For it was such a fearful heresy,
The holy Abbot said."

Mary Howitt.



THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

'Tis *being*, and *doing*,
And *having*, that make
All the pleasures and pains,
Of which mortals partake.
To *be* what God pleases,
To *do* a man's best,
And to *have* a good heart,
Is the way to be *blest*.

THE RAIN.

Patter, patter, pretty rain,
Patter on my window-pane—
Much I like your pleasing din,
But I cannot let you in.
Yonder spout go run adown,
With a pleasant gurgling sound,
And the cistern quickly fill—
Pretty rain, I know you will.
Gently fall in welcome showers,
Fall, like blessings, on the flowers;
Every leaf and blade of grass
Sprinkle, sprinkle, as you pass;
Then, the sun shall smile like love
On your work, from heaven above;
And the pretty flowers the while,
Come and bask beneath his smile.
So falleth blessings from above,
So smileth God, in Heavenly love.

Then ought we, with simple hearts,
Day by day, act well our parts,
That our deeds, like flowers in bloom,
May diffuse a sweet perfume.







